

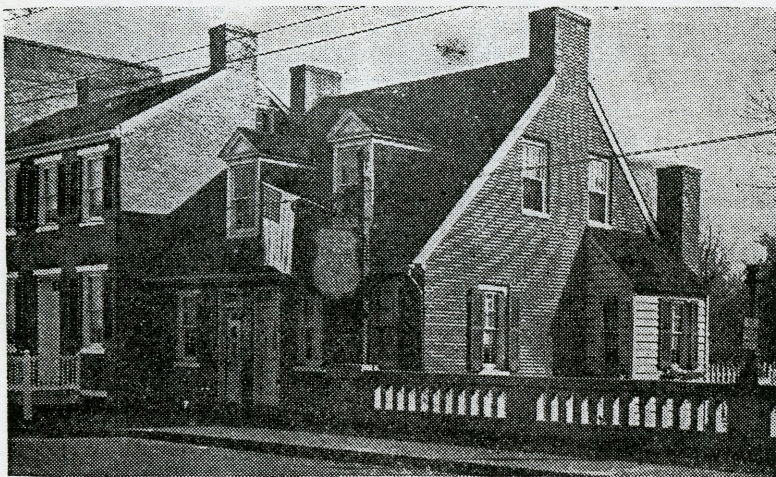
FREDERICK

"GREEN-WALLED BY THE HILLS OF MARYLAND"



Barbara Fritchie House and Museum

ON U. S. 40, IN THE HEART OF HISTORIC FREDERICK



*The historic spot whereon were enacted the stirring scenes
that made Barbara Fritchie renowned throughout
the civilized world.*

Through Barbara Fritchie's Home

From the street you enter, first, the Souvenir Shop. This was once the storeroom of Barbara's husband, John Casper Fritchie, who was a glove maker. Barbara Fritchie candy, cards, souvenirs and other items of interest are sold here.

Through the door to the right of your entrance, you pass through into the Home proper. Perhaps the first object to catch your eye is Barbara Fritchie's desk, at which you are invited to register. The registers contain the names of several hundred thousand visitors to the Barbara Fritchie Home. While registering, you sit in one of Barbara's dining-room chairs. It was at this desk that General Jesse L. Reno, of the Union Army, is said to have penned a letter home on September 12, 1862,—just two days before he was killed in the Battle of South Mountain, 10 miles west of Frederick. A monument has been erected to General Reno on the South Mountain Battlefield and interesting artists' sketches of the battle are here displayed.

Enclosed in the upright glass case are the dress, cap and shawl of Barbara Fritchie which have been carefully preserved by her heirs. The portrait of Barbara Fritchie, on the wall facing your entrance, was painted from an original daguerreotype and to the left of this painting is a small picture of Barbara as a girl. The silhouette from which this picture was made is to be seen in the large show case in the rear of the room.

Items of interest connected with the Confederate occupancy of Frederick, together with those relating to General Stonewall Jackson, are displayed on the table beneath Barbara Fritchie's picture and on the walls to the right of the table. Here is also displayed the original letter of Winston Churchill, who recited the poem, Barbara Fritchie, in front of the Barbara Fritchie Home.

The American's Creed, in the author's own handwriting, is a display item of considerable interest. William Tyler Page was born in Frederick.

All of the furniture that you see in this room (except the upholstered davenport and upholstered rocking chair) belonged to Barbara Fritchie. Her favorite rocking chair attracts much interest and is loaned by Mrs. Minnie H. Brish, great-grandniece of Barbara Fritchie.

On the rear side of the fireplace you find a pantalette pattern cut by Barbara Fritchie from newspapers bearing the date of 1851.

The glass case on the table contains remnants of skins and leather that were used by Barbara's husband in his craft as a glove maker. The old trunk belonged to her husband and originally contained these items of his craft. A paper in this trunk is dated 1807.

Original papers connected with the estates of Barbara and her husband are on display, also a photostatic copy of Barbara's marriage license, her will and her husband's will—all from the records of the Frederick County Court House.

The alcove is largely devoted to the Civil War Battle of Monocacy, just east of Frederick—General Lew Wallace commanding the Union Army. This battle is credited with saving the Nation's Capital from Confederate occupancy. The sword and other items are from this battlefield. Also of interest is the demand of General Jubal Early made upon Frederick City for \$200,000.00 ransom money, which was paid and for which Frederick has never been reimbursed. This is a very interesting story which will be related in more detail

by your guide. The original letter of General Grant always attracts attention.

To the left of the above alcove is a display of original documents connected with John Greenleaf Whittier, who wrote the poem *Barbara Fritchie*. There is here displayed the only portion of the poem *Barbara Fritchie* in Whittier's own handwriting and signed by him that is now in existence, so far as can be learned.

IN THE SHOW CASE

You are now at the show case above which is a framed certificate of authenticity in connection with relics formerly owned by Barbara Fritchie. Many articles formerly owned by Barbara Fritchie are displayed in the case. You will also see her family Bible, over two hundred years old.

The check of Albert Ritchie, executor of Barbara Fritchie's husband, John Casper Fritchie, made payable to Barbara Fritchie and endorsed by her. As far as can be learned there are only four signatures of Barbara Fritchie in existence and this is one of them.

Cake cutters, more than 150 years old, which were used by Barbara Fritchie to make cookies, that were sold in her husband's store room (now the souvenir shop), also a collection of Barbara's chinaware loaned by Mrs. Minnie H. Brish, of Frederick, Md., great-grand-niece of Barbara Fritchie.

The famous paisley shawl of Francis Scott Key, author of *The Star-Spangled Banner*, over whose grave in Frederick the American flag waves night and day. This historic spot is on U. S. 240, just 6 blocks from the Barbara Fritchie House and is flood lighted at night. Francis Scott Key and Barbara Fritchie were personal friends and together took part in memorial services held in Frederick on the occasion of the death of General George Washington.

VIEW THE SPRING

Passing from the case through the rear door, you come to the back porch, where, in addition to obtaining a charming view, you can see the spring in the little park across the creek, from which Barbara obtained drinking water, and at which soldiers of both armies often stopped. The bench on the back porch was one of Barbara's belongings.

Beyond the little yard and down the stone steps is the flower garden which always merits a visit.

Returning to the house you ascend the stairway to the Gettysburg Room—many stop to study the detail exhibited in Longstreet's charge at Gettysburg, also the original requisitions issued from Frederick, Md., for the Battle of Gettysburg.

From the Gettysburg room along the little hall is Barbara's bedroom. It is her bed, her quilts, her sheets and pillow cases, that you see in this room. The quilts were made by her, and the sheets and pillow cases made from flax that she herself spun. Other furnishings of the room were also hers.

Finally, you look out of the window (which is directly in front of the bedroom), from which she always kept her flag waving; and, looking down, you see the very spot whereupon, more than 80 years ago, were enacted those stirring scenes which inspired Whittier's poem. The Confederates were approaching from your right—coming up Patrick Street, moving westward—when, "Halt! The dust-brown ranks stood fast!"—right under the window out of which you are gazing. You know the rest.

BARBARA FRITCHIE

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel
horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early Fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-
wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not
one.

Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and
ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled
down;

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood
fast.

"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken
scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray
head,
But spare your country's flag," she
said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and
word;

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well:

And through the hill-gaps, sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Fritchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no
more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Fritchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!